

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

Traces of a Searcher For the Lost Treasures of Necarney Mountain.

ENCAMPMENT OF INDIANS

Navigation Now Open on the Columbia River and Kootenai Lake—A Love Lorn Laborer—Portland Has a Revival.

Says the Astoria, Ore., *Astorian*: A party, among which were R. C. Anthony and Joe Walsh of Elk creek, were traveling through the woods between Elk creek and the Nehalem river a few days ago when they came upon an old log cabin. It evidently had not been inhabited for several years, as the occupant's wardrobe had rotted and fallen from the pegs on which the several articles of wearing apparel had been formerly suspended. Everything showed signs of decay, and on the table was found an indication that the settler, whoever he was, did not content himself with the world without leaving some evidence of his former residence and disgust of the life he had led so long. He seemed to have been quite an artist with the knife, for the walls in many places were carved in quaint designs, while on the table, a substantial one of hewn spruce, he had found a melancholy satisfaction in carving the following lines:

No more I'll don my canvas coat,
And pale-blue overalls;
And boots that squeak, and boots that leak,
(Sometimes no boots at all).

And in the cold, with spade and can,
Those claims for grub I'll find;
Confound the surf and blowing rain,
All these I'll leave behind.

In addition to the above were also to be seen quotations from the classics, and the gentleman, for such he plainly had been, was familiar with the words of Virgil and Homer, a well-thumbed and musty copy of "Hud" being found tenderly placed away in the old cupboard. Who he was will probably never remain a mystery, nothing being known save that years ago some of the old settlers remember having seen a tall, dark-complexioned stranger, whose manner was taciturn and moody, pass through the country and strike for the woods in the direction of Tillamook. His avowed intention was to locate the lost Spanish treasure on Necarney mountain or never return alive. He had maps and charts which he claimed had been handed down from his ancestors, one of whom had been an officer on the galleon. Whether these maps were found and carted away by the parties from Iowa, who passed through here some weeks ago, claiming to have found the lost treasure, is not known, but the circumstances attending the disappearance of the mysterious stranger would tend to confirm this theory.

Capt. J. H. D. Gray of Astoria, Ore., is in receipt of a letter from a granddaughter of Capt. Robert Gray, the discoverer of the Columbia river. The *Astorian* learns that she seriously contemplates visiting Astoria on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the discovery of the Columbia river by her grandfather. She has in her possession at her residence in Boston her grandfather's old sea chest and mirror, which were in the cabin of the good ship Columbia, and will bring or send them here as interesting relics of that historic vessel.

The encampment of Indians on Ballast island attracted a good deal of attention Sunday, says the *Post-Intelligencer*. The Siwash took advantage of the warm sunshine to spend the day in washing clothes, drying fish, cleaning their family dugouts and canoes, while two score or more little copper-skinned run about the improvised wigwams, some playing and others fighting. One little Siwash engaged in a fight with another Indian about eight years his senior. The older Indian promptly seized the little fellow by the shoulders and dumped him off a ledge of rocks into the bay. For a time there was great excitement among the spectators, all thinking there was surely going to be a drowning; but they were mistaken. The Indian came to the surface spluttering like a steam engine and as mud as a young demon. He swam like a seal, and reached shore, sent a shower of stones after his assailant, who, thus taken by surprise, made all haste to get away. A party of young men, while strolling among the wigwams taking in the sights, became very much impressed with the belle of the encampment, a girl of about 17 years, all gaily decked out in red, and they started quite a flirtation. The maiden shyly hid her pumpkin-like face in the folds of her red dress and giggled. The noise attracted the attention of her mother, who was boiling a piece of dried salmon in a coal oil can over an open fire. The old lady objected to the advances of the young men and showed her displeasure by chasing them away from the premises with the can of boiling water, which she seized from the fire.

Thirty-six years ago, on the 26th of March, says the *East Oregonian*, John Switzer was the direct cause of saving the lives of 20 persons at the Cascades on the north side of the Columbia river, at a place called at that time the Upper Cascades. John is old and well wearied with years now. But then he was a young man; and after making 20 persons safe he ran the gauntlet for a mile with other parties, some of whom were wounded while others were killed by the Yakima and Klukit Indians. Yet he arrived at the fort safe and sound, and in time to care for the wounded in the fort, where 12 soldiers were imprisoned three days and nights. The writer does not propose to speak of the matter further than to say that 21 persons were killed outright and many more wounded. "Jay" likes to talk old times over and anyone who feels interested in Indian massacres and Indian fighting will be well entertained by him for a few hours—he has been there. Mr. Switzer resides one mile from Pendleton.

Navigation is now open on the Columbia river and Kootenai lake, and the hundreds of prospectors and mining men, who have been waiting for months to get into the land of promise, can now do so. The steamers were never running so early before. April 20 being the date the first boat started last year. Already this year the Galena had succeeded in forcing her way through Pilot bay to Bonner's ferry. The Spokane, with a heavy cargo, has reached Ainsworth, and the Layton has left Little Dalles and arrived at Robson.

Robert Holman, president of the Volunteer Firemen's association, is making every effort to establish the identity of the

"wild man," who is running wild in the hills of Coos county, and who is supposed to be an old Brooklyn, N. Y., fireman. Sheriff Z. T. Siglin of Marshfield has forwarded him the metal badge found in the mountains, which is supposed to have been lost by the wild man. The badge is that of the Volunteer Firemen's association of the western district of Brooklyn, and the only mark on it that would establish the identity of the original possessor is the number 230. President Holman has written to Brooklyn concerning his findings. Until the answer is received it will not be known whether the wild man is Silas Boone, who disappeared from Brooklyn 12 years ago. The wild man keeps out of the way of people, and nothing is known of him beyond that he wears good clothes.—*Oregonian*.

Gutjon Paulson, a laborer, attempted suicide this morning by shooting himself in the breast with a 44-caliber revolver, says a Seattle special to the *Oregonian*. Paulson fell in love three months ago with a widow, Dorothy Johnson. She rejected him, and after a stormy interview to-day he went direct to his room in the garret of a small house near the beach and shot himself. The bullet entered the sternum, missing both lobes of the lungs and lodging in the vicinity of the spine. Paulson was removed to the hospital. The physician says the wound is not dangerous unless inflammation sets in. Mrs. Johnson is above 35 years old, a blonde and far from being handsome, but has property.

Mrs. S. G. Butler of Ashland, Ore., has a pet squirrel which disappeared last fall and was supposed to have been killed by some of the town dogs, but came out from its winter quarters last week as lively as ever. W. H. Shepard of Emigrant creek has a curiosity in the line in the shape of a white chipmunk, which for several years past has hibernated every winter and come out in the spring to hunt up its quarters in the Shepherd house at once.

One of the greatest revivals ever known in the history of Portland is now under way in that city, under the direction of Evangelist Mills. Over 1,500 persons have become converted since his meetings began and interest continues unabated.

WORDS THAT RING TO-DAY

Patrick Henry's Appeal for Signatures to the Declaration of Independence.

The following speech, which was hitherto unknown, induced the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It appeared in a Boston journal of 1776 that has recently come to light:

It is the old hall of Philadelphia on July 1, 1776. There is a silence in this hall, every face is stamped with a deep and awful responsibility!

Why turns every glance to that door? Why is it so terribly still?

The committee of three, who have been out all night planning a parchment, are about to appear. That parchment with the signatures of these men written with a pen lying on yonder table, may either make the world free or stretch these necks upon the gibbet yonder in Potter's field, or nail these heads to the door-post of these halls. That was the time of solemn faces and deep silence.

At last, hark! The door opens; the committee appear; who are these men who come walking up to John Hancock's chair? The tall man, with sharp features, the bold brow and sand-lured hair, holding the parchment in his hands is the Virginian farmer, Thomas Jefferson. That stout-built man, with a resolute look and sparkling eye—that is a Boston man, one John Adams. And the calm-faced man, with hair dropping in thick curls to his shoulders, that dressed in a plain coat and such odious home-made blue stockings—that is the Philadelphia printer, one Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The parchment is laid there. Shall it be signed or not?

Then ensues a high debate; then all the faint-hearted cringe in corners, while Thomas Jefferson speaks out his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

The soft-toned voice of Charles Carroll is heard undulating in syllables of deep music.

But still there is doubt, and that pale-faced man, shrinking in one corner, squabs out something about axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet.

"Gibbet!" echoed a fierce, bold tone, that startled men from their seats—and look yonder! A tall, slender form arises, dressed, although it is summer time, in a faded red cloak. Look how his white hand trembles as it is stretched slowly out; that dark eye burns, while his words ring through the hall.

"Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold, every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can never die!"

"They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe, or drops on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom will spring into birth!"

"The British king may blot out the stars of God from His sky, but he cannot blot out His words on the parchment there. The work of God may perish; His word, never!"

"These words will go forth to the world when our homes are in dust. To the slave in bondage, they will speak hope; to the mechanic in his workshop, freedom; to the coward kings these words will speak but not in tones of flattery. They will speak like the flaming syllables on Belshazzar's wall. The days of our pride and glory are numbered! The days of judgment draw near."

"Yes, that parchment will speak to kings in language sad and terrible as the trumpet of the archangel. You have trampled on the rights of mankind long enough. At last, the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God, and calls His judgment down. You have waded on to throes through seas of blood; you have trampled on to power over the necks of millions; you have turned the poor man's sweat and blood into robes for your delicate forms, into crowns for your anointed brows. Now, kings! Now, purpled hangmen of the world! For you come the day of axes, and gibbets, and scaffolds; for you the wrath of man; for you the lightning of God."

"Look! How the light of your palaces on fire flashes in the midnight sky! Now, purpled hangmen of the world, turn and beg for mercy! Where will you find it? Not from God, for you have blasphemed His laws! Not from the people, for you were baptised in their blood! Here you turn, and lo! a gibbet! There, and a scaffold starts you in the face! All around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now, executioners of the human race kneel down, yes, kneel down on the sawdust of the scaffold! Lay your perfumed heads on the block; bid the axe as it falls—the axe sharpened for the poor man's neck."

"Such is the message of the declaration

of man to the kings of the world. And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our feet touch the very threshold of freedom? Do you see quailing faces around you, when our wives have been butchered; when the hearthstones of our land are red with blood of little children? What are their shrinking hearts or faltering voices here, when the very dead of our battle-fields arise and call upon us to sign that parchment, or be accursed?"

"Sign! If the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck, Sign! If the next moment the ball rings with the echo of the falling axe, Sign! By all your hopes in life and death, as husbands, fathers—as men, sign your names to the parchment, or be accursed forever!"

"Sign: not only for yourselves, but for all ages; for the parchment will be the text book of freedom, the bible of the rights of man for ever."

"Sign, for the declaration will go forth to American hearts forever and speak to those hearts like the voice of God. And its work will not be done until throughout this wide continent not a single inch of ground owns the sway of privilege or power."

"Say, do not start and whisper with surprise. It is a truth. Your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. This continent is the property of a free people, and their property alone. God, I say, proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into a people. Look at this wonderful exodus of the old world into the new, where they came, weak in arms, but mighty in Godlike faith. Look at the history of your Hunker Hill, your Lexington, where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the panoply of British arms, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to the free. It is not given to our human intellect to climb the clouds, to pierce the councils of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds that veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. Methinks I see the Recording Angel—pale as an angel is pale, weeping as an angel can weep—come trembling up to the throne, and speaking his dream message:

"Father, the old world is baptised in blood! Father, it is drenched with the blood of millions, lacerated in war, in persecution, in slow and grinding oppression. Father, look! With one glance of Thine eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia, Africa, and behold everywhere a terrible sight—man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man."

"He stands there the angel, his hand trembling with the black record of human guilt. But hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: Let there be light again. Let there be a New World. Tell my people, the poor down-trodden millions, to go out from the Old World. Tell them to go out from oppression and blood. Tell them to go out from the Old World to build up my altar in the New."

"As God lives, my friends, I believe that to be His voice. Yes, were my soul trembling on the brink of eternity, were this hand freezing to death, were my voice choking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last wave of this hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember the truth. God has given America to the free. Yes, as I sank down in the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp, I would beg you to sign that parchment in the name of the One who made the Saviour, who redeemed you, in the name of the millions whose very breath is now lashed in intense expectation, they look up to you for the awful words—you are free."

Many years have gone since that hour. The speaker, his brethren, all, have crumbled into dust, but the records of that hour still exist, and they tell us that would require an angel's pen to picture the magic of that speaker's look, the deep, terrible emphasis of his voice, the prophet-like beckoning of his hand, the magnetic flame shooting from his eyes, that fired every heart throughout the hall. He fell exhausted in his seat, but the work was done. A wild murmur thrills through the hall. Sign! Ha! There is no doubt now. Look! How they rush forward. Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name, before the pen is grasped by another, another, and another. Look how their names blaze on the parchment. Adams and Lee and Jefferson and Carroll, and now Roger Sherman, the shoe maker. And here comes good old Hopkins; yes, trembling with palsy, he totters forward, quivering from head to foot. With his shaking hand he seizes the pen and scratches his patriot name. Then comes Benjamin Franklin, the printer. And now the tall man in the red cloak advances, the man who made the fiery speech a few moments ago. With the same hand that was used in such fiery words he writes his name Patrick Henry.

And now the parchment is signed; and now let the word go forth to the people in the streets, to the homes in America, to the camp of Washington, to the palace of George, the idiot king; let the word go out to all the earth.

And, old man in the steeple, now bare your arms and grasp the iron tongue, and let the bell speak out the great truth.

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1, 1887, and recorded in Book "Q" of said

county, on page 9, records of Deer Lodge county,

Montana, to which for a more definite descrip-

tion reference is hereby made; in order to hold

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days from the service of this notice (or within

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